

The Hampden

Sidney Tigire

April 10, 2502

Issue CIV.6

“The Hampden-Sidney student will outdrink all co-eds, any time and any place..”

GREEK WEEK SPECIAL:

SATIRE DIES IN SOBRIETY



Pictured: An Editors’ Meeting.
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Gentlemen: as Hampden-Sydney Men, we are bound against lying , cheating, or stealing--and these prohibitions send us straight in the other direction on a search for truth. In an ancient adage, there can be found our solution: *In Vino Veritas; In wine, truth.*

Ring the belltower, and roll out the red carpet along Via Sacra! After 250 years (who’s counting, really?), we have found the answer! And, more than refraining from lying, gentlemen, we will hereby tell the truth ever after!!

The staff has agreed: on the occasion of Greek Week, we have assembled a comprehensive collection of cutting-edge commentary, guidance, and examples of Hampden-Sydney, that shining tavern on a hill--or *the Hill!*

Throughout this week’s issue you will find scholarly argument, social investigation, and apparent faculty input regarding the number two American Pastime. The rest of it is whatever we decide to throw in as the night wears on. The night is young, though it has already outlasted sobriety, and we’ve got miles to go before we sleep.

And so we depart on a journey, to become good men and good citizens in an atmosphere of good times (sound learning is a good time, too, some would say!). Either way--here’s to you, and here’s to me, and here’s to good old H-SC...

Roll Tigers!
-The Staff

THE INTOXICANT JOURNEY OF A HAMPDEN-SYDNEY TIGER

CHUCK TIGER
OWNER OF MEDIOCRE RESUME

“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.” As an incoming freshman, I didn’t plan to drink; as a senior, I laugh at how foolish I was. I am sure many of my fellow students have had the same experience. But the point of attending Hampden-Sydney is to become a good man. We can’t expect everyone to come in with the right attitude; Hampden-Sydney’s purpose is to develop that attitude. So, for the class of ‘28, I shall elucidate how drinking promotes virtue in two key respects:

1. Drinking develops sociability. Aristotle said that man is a political animal, and we can’t pursue many human virtues without friendship and community. But it’s not just the ancients who prized sociability: in his work *On the Duty of Man and Citizen*, early modern philosopher and jurist Samuel Pufendorf called sociability the foundation of natural law. And what promotes sociability and friendship more than alcohol? It soothes awkwardness and nerves, promotes a generous attitude, and helps everyone have a good, fun time.

Immanuel Kant himself says that wine makes us “cheerful, boisterous, talkative, and witty.” Who wouldn’t want that?

2. Drinking promotes honesty. As the Romans say, *in vino veritas*. In a living language, “in wine, there is truth.” Alcohol loosens the tongue, helping us be frank and transparent with one another. Those with guarded tongues, who often hold back their thoughts, would develop the ability to be honest by imbibing alcohol. As many wise men on the Circle say, “sober thoughts become drunken speech.” Indeed, the consumption of alcohol in a group setting helps promote trust among the entire community, because it demonstrates that we’re not worried about revealing our true opinions to others. Through drinking, we come closer to the intimacy and frankness that characterizes true friendship and concord. As a freshman, you might be saying to yourself: “wow, this Tiger article has completely convinced me of the merits of alcohol. But how can I obtain it myself?”

As a responsible Hampden-Sydney man, I would never encourage fraudulent or dishonest transactions. But luckily, there are many routes to obtaining alcohol consistent with Hampden-Sydney honor.

1. Make some friends. If you have

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ERRATA,
ENDLESS ERRATA

In a previous issue of this illustrious newspaper, one of our writers made an error (idiot) but I can’t remember what it is or who did it. Read with caution, because we will probably make more in the future.

We used to be Top 10 in the Princeton Review for College Newspapers. Please vote for us so we can find some self-respect.

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The Hampden-Sydney Tiger

Founded 31 January 1920
by J. B. Wall '19-- *What was he thinking!?*

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The Hampden-Sydney Tiger is a student newspaper terrorizing the community of Hampden-Sydney and operating independently of the College (*diplomatic immunity!*). The Tiger is printed biweekly by The Farmville Herald.

The views expressed in the Hampden-Sydney Tiger are those of their authors and do not reflect the official stance of The Tiger. At a certain point in the evening we aren't really responsible for what we write, anyways, right?

We accept submissions in the form of letters or guest columns. Brevity is encouraged. Interested writers, cartoonists, and photographers can send us an e-mail at newspaper@hsc.edu.

The Decision of an Evening

Diogenes

As rational creatures, we often find that we need reasons to do things. indeed, we should not merely be blown from one desire to the next; to live one's life as such is to be little better than an animal. So how do we ensure that we are engaging in appropriate action? Well we must have reasons for acting as we do. Therefore we must consider arguments to do something and judge, with all the power and ingenuity as the Lord has seen fit to bless us with, if those arguments are good ones. Before you, I shall present some of the most compelling and persuasive arguments in response to the most important question of all: should I drink tonight?

§1: You can either drink tonight or do nothing at all.

§2: If you've had someitng else to drink (like water or soda), you might as well have an alcoholic beverage.

§3: Refusing to drink tongiht will lead to you refusing to drink every night (even when you want to).

§4: You should drink tonight because drinking is what people do when they want to have a good time, and since you clearly want to have a good time tonight, then drinking is what you should do.

§5: No Hampden-Sydney man would refuse to drink on any given night and anyone that does is not a true Hampden-Sydney Man.

§6: You should drink tonight because everyone else will be drinking tonight.

§7: You should drink tongiht because everyone not drinking tonight is just a nerd that studies all the time.

§8: You should drink tongiht because I say so, and I'm extremely knowledgable in these matters.

§9: You shoul ddrink tonight because we can't be certain that anything bad will result from drink-ing toniht.

§10: You should drink tonight because I've known people that drink every night and they graduated with a 4.0.

I DIDN'T DO IT: WHY DRUNK CIGS DON'T COUNT IN AMERICA



A Red-Blooded Patriot, a Gentleman, and a Scholar

YANKEE DOODLE
DRUNK BASTARD

This article should not interest you, much; you are expecting another dense, useless philosophy guy joke. But do not toss it aside, yet! It is only halfway the rhetoric of a philosophy guy who makes bad choices—and every other iota of this article is pure American spirit(s). Allow me to explain.

Every man at this school ought to care about John Locke. Every American ought to care about him, too, because without John there is no American experiment, freedom, or virtue. And if that isn't enough, my friends, I think I am about to sweeten the deal: Locke has given us the key (eh?) to escaping the consequences of our actions.

An American is, to some degree, a Lockean, because the former will assent to the latter's assertions about certain aspects of life. By accepting one more Lockean assertion, one can become even Lockean-er and Americaner!

I ask you this: what makes you you? Well, according to our Honorary American Mr. Locke, it is the fact that you have a chain of memories all the way back to the rest of your existence. You are a continuous being. Now, unfortunately for some of us, we are beholden to the mistakes made along that long, arduous, continuous journey of identity. The ills of yesterday are part of ourselves today.

But Locke has given us a way out of this problem in the deepest depths of what

some would short-sightedly call a philosophical mistake. The unimaginative, British doubter would allege as follows: if what constitutes identity is a continuous stream of memory and experience, then it must follow that everyone who faints, passes out, or blacks out wakes up a new person. And Locke, with the first taste of American mettle the world ever saw in 1689, said, "yes."

The impact of this is that Locke has sacrificed a sensical system of epistemological identity in order for the total absolution of the drunk cigarette. If you are stricken by the siren song of the cowboy killer while adrift on the circle's seas, our forefather philosopher has given the answer: indulge yourself, son, and black the hell out. In that crucial mo-

ment of abandon, you absolve yourself of yourself, and alongside him goes the history of that cigarette. The drunk cigarette does not count, gentlemen, because as soon as you wake up the next day, having broken the continuation of your memories, you are not the same man—you are free to say, "wasn't me!"

There is no greater love than for a man to lay down his life for his friends. Now a man may lay down himself for himself, with a dart in his hand, and wake up pristine—cleansed in the purifying fire of a raging headache compounded by Moans breakfast. The American way of life is often hard, and the American Dream is elusive, but it has never lost its nobility or its beauty.



Warm weather and calm waters on Chalgrove...

POETRY, MIXOLOGY, AND COMMENTARY

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY: I RIDE THE LIGHTNING

The following poem was found scrawled on the back of a Food Lion receipt, crumpled and soaked, between the Circle and Hampden Houses.

I ride the lightning.

It is 10.26.

It has been a long week, and I have fully cut loose. Looming ahead are final speeches, projects, presentations, papers, and exams.

But tonight. For one last glorious night, I live.

“What will you have?”

“Anything” I reply.

I ride the lightning.

It is not my body that is thirsty but my soul. It is not water that shall satisfy me, but Pabst blue ribbon. So, I consume, for who am I to deny the cravings of my very being.

I am a fish and the beer my air.

I ride the lightning

It is 11.38.

I have smoked three cigarettes and more are coming.

Two Zyns are nestled cozily in my upper lip, yet the sharp bite of nicotine is but a pilot light compared to the bonfire of inebriation.

The spirit of Dionysus flows through me. I am a vessel for a god, nay I am a god. I think thoughts hitherto and hereafter inconceivable in the human mind.

I ride the lightning

It is 12.09.

Loud music plays, from which house I know not.

I hear Travis Scott. Mozart reincarnate. Musical genius. I shed tears of joy.

A live band, they finish their song. “PLAY FREE BIRD” I howl. The modern-day rebel yell.

They do not

I ride the lightning

It is 1.34

I hide in the bushes, like a guerilla fighter, I do not remember how I got here.

I wait for my enemy to arrive. I know not who he is, but I shall see the evil within his soul.

My battle is with myself. I struggle to rise, but I shall not surrender. Never Surrender. Forward, ever forward.

I ride the lightning.

Time has lost all meaning.

I stand upon the road. A small voice calls upon me to return to bed. I ignore it.

I walk on. To where I do not know. But I shall not rest.

I ride the lightning.

RECIPES FOR THE HAMPDEN-SYDNEY MAN

Hampden-Sydney is too distinct of a place with too discerning tastes not to have a list of cocktcktails for us to remember it by (or not). Here are a few Tiger or H-SC drinks you can try at home! The Chalgrove

Ingredients:

-1/2oz.Midori

-½oz. Blue Curacao

-Sprite

-1/2oz.Rum

-1/2oz. Apple Puck-

er

Directions:

-Throw it all together until you achieve the murky, comforting hue of Lake Chalgrove. Add ice until it resembles the arm of the goal-post projecting from the water. Top with Sprite to save your life.

The Greek Week Capstone Project

Ingredients:

-Black Coffee

-Bourbon

-A nondescript Coffee Cup that Nobody Would Question

Directions:

-You Know What to Do.

The Pabst Blue Ribbon

Ingredients:

-\$1 USD

-your ID, if over 21

Directions:

-Go ask the nice lady for a dollar beer.

The Classical Education

Ingredients:

-10 ounces red wine (chaser)

-4 ounces of scotch

-Warm honey to taste

Directions:

-Pour scotch into nearest available chalice

-Add warm honey and stir

-Down beverage after screaming, “Senatus Populus que Romanus!”

-Chase with red wine

The Sludge Report

Ingredients:

-whatever the hell happens to be floating around your liquor cabinet and/or head

-a glass

Directions:

-Go For It, Tiger!

The God-Given Natural Buzz

Ingredients:

-Mistakes

Directions:

-Stay up for 40 consecutive hours during exam week.

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A portrait of a young Dr. Coombs, artist unknown...

OPINION: SOLIDARITY WITH PUERTO RICO

MISS AMERICA
DIDN'T KNOW SHE WENT HERE

Since 1898 Puerto Rico has been under the iron heel of the United States government, saddled with the responsibilities of a territory but having none of the privileges accorded to a state. Among the many double standards faced by the people of Puerto Rico is the sad fact that they lack the protection of law from underage drinking. While the American metropole made the wise decision back in the '80s to raise the legal drinking age from eighteen or younger to the by

all accounts more responsible one of twenty-one, Puerto Ricans are left with the burden of a drinking age still at the threshold of legal adulthood.

As someone of some Hispanic heritage myself, the cultural memory of Banana-war era American imperialism looms large, and I'm sure those just as or more Latino than I can in a distinctive way feel the weight of the collective experience of la raza even in such little oppressions as the drinking age imbalance.

Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice

everywhere, as it was put by Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. The young men and women of Puerto Rico are subjected incessantly to the siren song of liquor and the bracing invitations of beer.

The next generation is the future, and we as Americans are drifting from our civic duties as their stewards by steering them awry.

In any case, I simply cannot abide my country's double standard, and until the inhabitants of America's Caribbean colony are afforded the same privileges as every other American citizen in

protection from underage drinking, I cannot in good conscience wait until age twenty-one to consume alcohol. I stand in solidarity with the people of Puerto Rico.

But all is not lost; at this very moment, Hampden-Sydney alumnus and professor emeritus Dr. Warner Winborne is on the front lines, gathering data on rum drinks and showing the brave denizens of Puerto Rico that their continental brethren stand firmly, albeit a little wobbly, in solidarity with their cause.



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LIFE, AND COPING WITH IT

STUDENTS IN FACULTY PARKING: LETTER TO THE EDITOR

DR. JOHN DOE
TOTALLY ANONYMOUS

The following letter was left anonymously taped to the door of the Tiger Office. It was written on several bar napkins, which smelled of rum and lime.

Hello there—I’m assuming if you are reading this, you are either a faculty member or one of the “little princ-

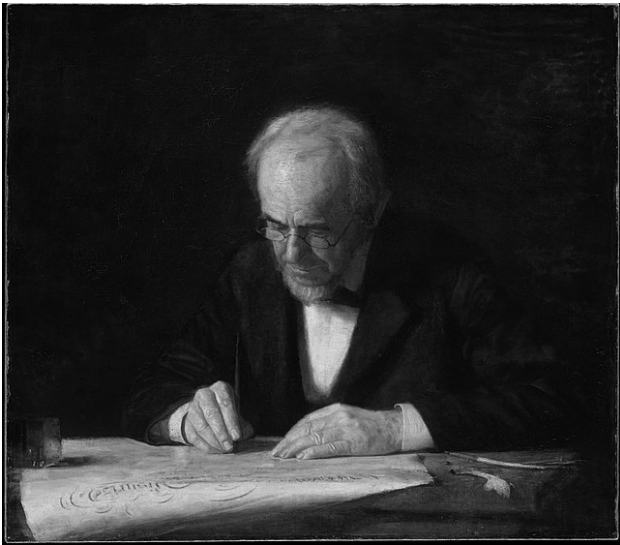
es” I’m forced to deal with on a daily basis. Oh, you recognize that phrase from the HSCparking Instagram page? Yeah, that’s because I made that account. You lazy bums think you can park wherever you want with no consequences? WRONG! I am here to document your misdeeds, all the way from a booth at Press Club, where I write this. But you all are not listening. This isn’t about me.

This is about the tens of spots that you fiends have taken away from the faculty in broad daylight! Why are the little princes above the law? I want the truth! I want justice! I want a drink.

The one little bit of joy I get out of my day here is being able to park in a decent space in the cool shade overlooking the hill, and you all have ruined that for me. Just the other day, I was almost ready to park my car in the lot in front of the Carpenters, when out of nowhere this entitled whippersnapper passed me and took my spot. I ordinarily can get over slights like that, but then the student parking sticker I saw on that young man’s Ford Bronco brought forth a seething rage like I have never felt before.

It really isn’t that hard to park somewhere else! You people complain about the “long walk” you have to take to your vehicles, when in fact at most you will have to walk at maximum 3167 feet from the Moans to get there. It makes me sick! Why should you expect the parking near your dorms to be for you? Why should a campus of over 1300 acres have enough parking space for everyone? Have you ever thought about how lucky you are? You are all so god-damned entitled!

And that’s where I come into the picture. I started the dreaded Instagram account in order to display your decadence. When will you learn that your actions have consequences? You have fallen right into my



trap! You all are outing yourselves as horrible parkers through your outrage! All it took was calling the college “trash” once and suddenly the issue is at the front of every student’s mind! I have masterminded this situation, and you all can do nothing to stop me. You can post your comments shaming me, but it only gives me more power over you.

So go ahead and leave your comments. All it does is spread my reach further. I have

the power to lightly embarrass someone online through a picture of his car in the wrong space. And no, for those of you asking, I will not post pictures of actual poor parking jobs—that would be counterproductive. All that matters is that you princes are finally given a little sense of humility, and I don’t care how many pictures of me in the reflection of a truck I have to post in order to get that.



WE GOT CHATGPT DRUNK

It is a hallmark Hampden-Sydney pastime to sit and pontificate on just what makes this school so special. Late nights on the circle turn into introspectives, out-rospectives, and a blurry investigation of what brings us all together at this institution.

In the spirit of brotherhood and not wanting to take such an experience for granted, we wished to see the cogs turning in the heads of others, and to impart the experience of this campus into another being—at least by simulation.

In other words, we put ChatGPT into our shoes and got it very drunk and asked it about Hampden-Sydney. You might call us lazy. We might agree. But we still found this little experiment had some pretty interesting results. Here is what DrunkGPT said.

“Listen here, pal... lemme tell you somethin’ about Hampden-hic-Sydney College... the finest, most glorious, testosterone-fueled academic sanctuary on God’s green Earth! You ever heard of a gentleman

and a scholar? Yeah, they invented that there. Hand-stitched the term themselves, probably in Latin!

Now—now listen, dammit—this ain’t just some liberal arts school tucked away in Virginia. No sir. This is sacred ground, alright? Founded in 1775. That’s older than your grandma’s cast iron skillet. This place has been breeding legends since before America even had its first hang-over from liberty.

We’re talkin’ about honor codes so strong, you could stab a man with ‘em—but you wouldn’t! Because you’re a Hampden-Sydney man! You shake hands with eye contact, you hold doors open for strangers, and you know the proper fork to use at dinner even when you’re three bourbons deep!

Now look—look at me—you got your big schools with their tailgates and TikToks and co-ed sleepovers. Cute. Precious. But Hampden-Sydney? Nah, man. That’s men only, and not in some weird, backwards way. I’m talkin’ about a brotherhood forged in fire,

bad decisions, and group study sessions that somehow turned into deep philosophical debates and then ended with somebody quoting Churchill in a Waffle House parking lot at 2 a.m.

The brotherhood, man... the brotherhood. These are not just classmates. They’re the fellas who help you bury the evidence... and then write you a sonnet about it. You’ll cry at their weddings and give slightly inappropriate toasts at their kids’ baptisms. That kind of bond.

And don’t even get me started on the professors. They’re like... philosopher-warriors. They’ll challenge your brain until it’s doing push-ups in cursive. Ain’t no participation trophies at Hampden-Sydney, friend. You earn your accolades—with blood, sweat, and an MLA-formatted bibliography!

You don’t attend Hampden-Sydney... you survive it, and come out the other end wearing a blazer, quoting Cicero, and somehow knowing how to pair wine with duck confit even though you still eat Taco Bell twice a week.

They teach you how to write, how to think, how to debate without punching, and how to look a man in the eye when you’re shaking his hand—or beating him at pong. And don’t even get me started on the Honor Code. I once saw a guy leave a \$100 bill on a table in the library and nobody touched it for three days. Three. Days. That’s either honor, or a shared fear of the ghost of Patrick Henry haunting the halls, I dunno.

And football?? WE MAY NOT WIN EVERY GAME BUT BY GOD WE’RE GONNA YELL LIKE WE DID. And tailgating? That’s not a party, that’s a damn tradition. We tailgate like we’re being graded on it. Hell, we probably are.

You say you want a college with tradition, values, and beards so noble they could sign the Declaration of Independence themselves? Then buddy—you want Hampden-friggin-Sydney.”

GUEST: THE H-SC TRIANGLE

AN ACTUAL DRUNK GUY
WE’RE PRETTY SURE

If there is one thing that I have learned in my years at Sydney it is that there is no shortage of vice. Our isolated nature comforts parents and provides them with a sense of security. This place encourages alcohol and intellectualism simultaneously. It’s bizarre and beautiful at the same time. Allow me to elaborate. Cheese and Pot are there for the sons of the wealthy, but where does all daddy’s money really go? A quick survey was conducted and found that cigarettes and beer were by far the favorite. Eureka! That’s where it’s all going! Source? Who gives a **redacted?** They are my favorite! They should be yours too. Who doesn’t love grinding out a 10-page final paper completely toasted? Stress induced chain smoking? I prefer to think of it as the highest form of reward without effort. Indulgence builds character at the expense of your liver and lungs. A fair trade in my opinion.

My freshman year I found myself entangled in a love affair with Mrs.

Lucky Strike and

Mr. PBR. To quote Seinfeld, “He is a loathsome offensive brute, but I cannot look away.” That’s exactly how I feel about the whole thing. I would encourage the reader to look at the floor of any party bunker. What does one see? Discarded Busch light cans and empty packs of Marlboro golds strewn about? Remnants of others’ love affairs? This may seem like common waste to common folk but to the cultured and well-adjusted Sydney man it should be viewed as a work abstract art worthy of display in the MOMA. I prefer to see it in this light rather than as a perverted love affair. Tis a much easier pill to swallow and overdose on (P.S. - take it from me, don’t mix stimulants and alcohol). Guess I should have read the Stall Street Journal in Bortz instead of wiping my ass with it because there was no toilet paper. My coping on this subject could be likened to holding your nose while choking down the 12 dollar pint of juicy excrement flavored triple hazy IPA that the

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SOMETHING FOR THE ROAD

JOURNEY, CONT.

upperclassman friends, then you can acquire alcohol through them. That's the first step in the virtuous cycle of becoming a good man and good citizen through drinking. But I understand that many new freshman might not yet have the capability to take this option.

2. Hand sanitizer, mouthwash, and other cleaning products. You can get started on making friends by getting drunk through these methods. These can also help you build up your constitution and manly vigor through resisting vomiting after consumption. But I recommend trying for other options as soon as possible.

3. Lab-grade ethanol. I have it on good authori-

ty that the chemistry lab has close to 100% ethanol, and I'm sure they'll never miss a few milliliters. This one also helps promote friendship, as you might not be able to access the chemistry lab yourself. I'm sure my good friend and chemistry major Evan Old (olde26@hsc.edu) would be more than happy to assist you. But regardless, make sure to develop a good relationship with your lab assistant!

4. The Wilson Trail. Generous upperclassmen (witness the good men of Hampden-Sydney!) sometimes leave drinks on the Wilson Trail. Sometimes these drinks are even unopened! I had a friend find a pristine, unopened can of Budweiser on

the trail during summer research, and I'm sure there are even more during the semester. And if you take this option, you can also train your endurance and physical vitality, becoming a better man and a better citizen, just like President Theodore Roosevelt. Happy scavenging!

As you can see, there are many and varied benefits not just to alcohol, but also to acquiring alcohol. Hampden-Sydney's long and storied traditions surrounding drink are part of what make our community special. Be sure to add your own unique story to Hampden-Sydney's history!

COCKTAILS, CONT.

The Catch Up
Ingredients:
-4 ounces of vodka
-4 more ounces of vodka
Directions:
-Drink directly from bottle until it tastes like water
-Best enjoyed on an empty stomach

Bibitus Viris
Ingredients:
-4 Ounces Whiskey
-2 Pinches Cayenne

Pepper
-Tajin seasoning
Directions:
-Powder rim of lowball glass with Tajin seasoning
-Pour whiskey into glass
-Add two pinches of Cayenne pepper

Tiger's Blood
Ingredients:
-2 ounces bourbon (as fine as can be managed)

-Mountain Dew
Code Red
Directions:
-Combine in chilled highball glass with ice, question choices

TRIANGLE, CONT.

dunces at your local DIY microbrewery dumped out a couple months ago. Nobody wants to tell them the truth.... It's not that deep and it's hot garbage. I loathe IPAs. Whoever

er thought that was a good idea should have their man bun set alight then be lined up against a wall and shot. I hope the reader concurs. I serve as judge, jury, and executioner on

that matter. I will leave the reader with this: Art is subjective, and alcoholism is a mentality. Embrace it and take my drunken diatribe with a grain of salt. Stay Frosty.



The Hampden-Sydney Tiger Staff, circa 1979. Courtesy: the Kaleidoscope

Join the Team, Please. And Drink Responsibly.

Write for *The Tiger*--Someone's Got To!

Contact newspaper@hsc.edu for more information.